for ſweet *Iacke Falſtaffe*, kind *Iacke Falſtaffe* true *Iacke Falſtaffe*, valiant *Iacke Falſtaffe*, and therefore moſt valiant, being as hee is old *Iacke Falſtaffe*, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company; baniſh plumpe *Iacke*, and baniſh all the world.

Prin. I doe, I will. *Enter Bardoll running.*

Bar. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Shriefe, with a moſt monſtrous Watch is at the dore.

Fal. Out you rogue, play out the play: I haue much to ſay in the behalfe of that *Falſtaffe*.

Enter the Hoſteſſe.

Hoſ. O Ieſu, my Lord, my Lord!

Falſ. Heigh, heigh, the Diuell rides vpon a Fiddle-ſticke, what's the matter?

Hoſ. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the dore, they are come to ſearch the Houſe, ſhall I let them in?

Falſ. Doſt thou heare, *Hall*? neuer call a true piece of Gold, a Counterfeit, thou art eſſentially made, without ſeeming ſo.

Prince. And thou a naturall Coward, without inſtinct.

Falſ. I deny your Major; if you will deny the Sherife, ſo, if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I ſhall as ſoone bee ſtrangled with a Halter as another.

Prince. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the reſt walke vp aboue. Now my Maſters, for a true Face and good Conſcience.

Falſ. Both which I haue had; but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide mee.

Prin. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prin. Now maſter Sherife, what is your will with mee?

Sher. Firſt, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men vnto this houſe.

Prince. What men?

Sher. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a groſſe fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prince. The man, I do aſſure you, is not heere,
For I my ſelfe at this time haue employed him:

And

And Sherife, I will ingage my word to thee,
That I will by to morrow dinner time,
Send him to anſwere thee or any man,
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withall,
And ſo let me intreate you leaue the houſe.

Sher. I will, my Lord, there are two Gentleme
Haue in this robbery loſt 300 markes.

Prin. It may be ſo: if he haue rob'd theſe men
He ſhalbe anſwerable: and ſo farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble Lord.

Prin. I thinke it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I thinke it is two a clo

Prince. This oyly raſcall is knowne as well as
him forth.

Peto. *Falſtaffe*? faſt aſleepe behinde the Arras,
like a horſe.

Prin. Harke how hard he fetches breath, ſearch

He ſearcheth his pockets, and findeth certaine

Prin. What haſt thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

Prin. Let's ſee what be they: read them.

Item a Capon
Item ſawce
Item Sacke, two gallons
Item Anchoues and Sacke after Supper
Item bread

O monſtrous, but one halfe peniworth of bread
rable deale of Sacke! What there is elſe, keep cloſe
at more aduantage, there let him ſleepe till day,
in the morning. We muſt all to the Warres, and
be honorable. Ile procure this fat rogue a charge
I know his death will bee a match of twelue ſco
ſhall bee payed backe againe with aduantage: be
times in the morning, and ſo good morrow *Peto*.

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord.

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Lord Mortim
Owen Glendower.

Mor. Theſe promiſes are faire, the parties ſu